

## FAITHFULLY AWAIT THE CRACK O' DOOM

Strange Sect Holds Forth  
With a Trust of  
Adamant.

### GRIPPED BY FRENZY OF DEEP RELIGION

Story of Free Christian Society  
and Its Watch for World's  
Holocaust.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Oh, let us be thankful!" "Behold God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid."

Texts, prayers, exclamations of fervor sounded from every group. The waving grew more violent. Young girls, women, men, began to sway wildly to the music. A little girl brushed past us to call above the din:

"Mamma, does it mean Jesus is coming soon?"

The excitement got direction when some one began to sing:

"Now shall cease the night of weeping; Day of joy, thy light we see."

Rouse, ye virgins, who are sleeping. Hope deferred no more shall be."

A movement started for the door. Down a short hall the people passed still singing. Out on the lawn they went—some pale as death, some with bright spots in white cheeks, some with lips sticking to their teeth, some with eyes uplifted and staring, some with tears drying on their cheeks; but all, men and women, adults and children, impulsive and restrained, wholly lifted out of themselves!

And we? How cool the air was to our throats! How restful it was to see the quiet sky again! How good God was to give us peace in His great wisdom, and permit us to wait His coming in calm of the spirit!

#### THE MANNER OF PEOPLE.

IT was at such as these, it was at these very folk, that the world laughed a week ago last Friday. They set a day for the crack of doom. They waited in confidence for the trump of Gabriel's horn. The day came (as we knew it would), and there was no blast from heaven (as we knew there would be none), and so we laughed and the world laughed with us.

It was like that when the Rev. William Miller led his 50,000 followers out to see a beautiful fall morning in 1831. It has been like that on countless occasions before and since. It probably will be much like that when the Great Doomsday really calls.

Those who have thought they heard a call to Duxbury, in Massachusetts, might have earned a hearing for almost any call they chose to hear. Neither intellectually nor socially are they outcasts. They are indeed, the folk whom which every pastor of our American small cities enlists his following.

Doctors are, are, preachers a few, merchants many, and teachers, perhaps a dozen, among the men. Their associates are of their own class—the women well dressed as the average of customers in our department stores, bright as our American women everywhere, unusually kind, and some of them distinctly comely; the children normal, happy, out-of-doors "kiddies."

Their number has probably never exceeded 300, but it has surely reached that total. They come from a wide area—from Canada and North Carolina, Ohio and Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island—but the strongest single delegation is that from an organized parish in Providence.

Gathering This Year  
Not a Religious Spasm.

The gathering of this year was not a spasm. For about twenty years Adventists have come together near Plymouth. In the heart of the woods a certain Mr. Strang had builded a chapel to be used by any denomination (save that of the spiritualists, whom they would not countenance). The Methodists took it first and did not give it up, except to move to a larger structure. From them it passed to the Baptists. From them, in turn, it passed to the Adventists, who have it now.

About two miles east of it, through the sumac, is Daniel Webster's old mill. Other mills, from Duxbury, from Hanover, from Plymouth, from Exeter, and Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. No train nor trolley knock at its door, and the diligent reporter who would seek it out must ride to it from Marshfield or Hanover in a "barge."

Through all these years the leading spirit has been the Rev. Robert H. Swan. After back when a Baptist, he was persuaded that the imminence of the Saviour's coming overshadowed all the boundaries of sectarianism. It was his habit to spend part of each summer in the cool woods of Plymouth county. As others of his faith sought out the same shelter, and as his own came to think with him, he took over Mr. Strang's chapel, christened the little settlement "Ashdod," after that "strong place" which was one of the five great cities of the Philistines, and began to hold there regular convocations each spring and fall.

Following Outgrowth  
Its Cramped Quarters.

From time to time the following outgrew its quarters. First, it became necessary to erect a building to supplement the boarding houses. That was "Bethel Hall." After that came a dormitory and then another.

These three structures are all rough, lodge-like buildings, unfurnished in their interiors, designed to be shelter, and only that. They stand in a clearing framed by the thicket which is characteristic of "Jove's Massachusetts." Maples, beeches, birches, and oaks are everywhere against the sky; sumac, wild ferns, huckleberry bushes, wild asters, and goldenrod are everywhere against the foot. An orchard of veteran and twisted apple trees binds middle and back grounds at one side—and from indications visible to the naked eye it also provides a temptation to live to wrestle.

As a reward for the long journey, one

## TWO LEADERS OF THE SECT AND SOME OF THE FOLLOWERS



REV. ROBERT SWAN  
FOR 20 YEARS A PREACHER  
OF THE COMING.



NOT ALL OF THE WORKERS ARE OLD AND STAG



REV. J. C. OSGOOD  
A LEADING PREACHER  
OF THE SECT

finds at Ashdod a hospitality like that of the Good Samaritan. They are strangely in earnest, these Adventists, and so they practice what they preach. No one who knocks can be turned away. No one who enters can pay. He can leave what he likes when he goes—something for himself, if he chooses, something for his faith, something for those who worship there; but he is to decide. There is never any questioning at Ashdod—"which now of these, thickest thou, was neighbor unto him?"

The life is biblical, too. Here food and drink are the same things. These women whom you see in the illustrations, these merchants and professional men and their families, live on two meals a day. At 10 and 4 they eat plain, wholesome food—baked meat, fresh vegetables, doughnuts, pie, and milk. At night they sleep like soldiers in barracks, marshalling into companies, the women in Bethel, the men in the two smaller buildings, some one in a bed, some two, some three, and some on piles of straw. If they sought luxury, they argue to themselves, they could find it nearer than Ashdod. What they seek here is prayer and fasting.

#### THE FAITH OF THE STRONG.

WE have seen how the faith that brings these people together takes full possession of them. We owe it to them, in view of our long laugh over the doom that didn't crack, to inquire what that faith really is. And first it will not hurt us to furnish what little knowledge we have on the whole question of Adventism.

The theologians used to hold that the coming of Christ was foretold in His nativity; 2, to His disciples at their death; 3, at the fall of Jerusalem; 4, at the Day of Judgment. The came a strong movement to construe His fourth coming as when He shall appear "the second time without sin unto salvation." This is "Second Adventism."

Now the whole subject of this second coming forms one of the most perplexing themes of theology, as is more than plain not only from the spectacular failures of those who have been bold enough to fix a date, but also from the difficulties experienced by the unaided mind in attempting to interpret scriptures and obtaining from their own readings a theory consistent with itself.

In the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the second coming is associated with the fall of Jerusalem, and seems to be near. Occasionally Paul also stands, but again he seems to remove it to the distant future. While revelations introduce the millennium—by the Jewish calculation 355,000 years—having to ensue before the final day.

Words of One of  
The Commentators.

"Without doubt," says one commentator, "many of the older passages are interpreted with the Messianic expectations of the Jews. It may be held that the Second Advent is a mere residuum of Jewish eschatology; or with Augustine and the great majority of orthodox theologians, we may hold that a literal and actual coming is meant; or with Russell, that the event is one with the fall of Jerusalem, or, lastly, that the coming is a spiritual dispensation rather than an event, a continued spiritual manifestation of Christ among men to be completed at the end of the world's progress."

Here are evidently difficulties enough. But with William Miller, of Boston, there came still more confusion. He began to preach about the time Daniel Webster owned that grist mill near Ashdod that the millennium was to follow, not precede, the end of the world. He fixed a date for the latter happening in October, 1842—and when that failed, he fixed another for October, 1844. His mistakes cost him a good many thousands of his 50,000 "Millites," but there were enough of them loyal to declare at Albany, in 1844, a belief in these things.

A visible personal coming of Christ at an early but indefinite time; the resurrection of the dead, both the just and the unjust, and the beginning of the millennium after the resurrection of the saints; and baptism by immersion.

All Adventists  
Come From This Sect.

In relation to this declaration have appeared all the present sects of Adventists. True Evangelical Adventists are the Millerites, now reduced to 1,147, according to the reference books. The Advent Christians, a strong and active missionary force, were organized in 1851; they believe that at Christ's second coming the righteous will receive everlasting life and the wicked will be punished with complete extinction of being; their enrollment is given as 26,500. The Seventh Day Adventists are the best known and the most numerous, particularly for their sanitarium at Battle Creek and their rigid but simple vegetarianism. They are credited with 76,102 members in the United States who believe that the Millerite excitement of 1843 was the cleansing of the sanctuary, that the seventh day was ordained as the Sabbath, that the dead sleep until the judgment and

the unsaved are destroyed, that the vision of the two-horned beast in Revelations applies to the United States, that the gift of prophecy still abides and that the revelations of Mrs. Ellen G. White were inspired.

The Church of God outgrew from the Seventh Day Adventists through disagreement as to the revelations of Mrs. White and the application of certain portions of Revelations to the United States. Its strength is given as 647 members. The Life and Advent Union developed at about the same time, emphasizing a faith that such as die in sin have no resurrection. The Churches of God in Jesus Christ (the Age-to-Come Adventists) believe in the final restitution of all things, the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth and the restoration of Israel. Their strength is given as 2,872.

Now must be added these folk at Duxbury, Mass. They have named themselves the "Free Christian Society," and it is curious that in all that has been written of this latest meeting that name has not once been used. Their formal organization dates back about seven years, but they have been coming together under Mr. Swan's leadership for about eighteen years. Their strength is possibly somewhat above 1,000.

The faith is fairly well expressed in the fact that the imminence of Christ's second coming overshadows every other religious prospect. But this is not all, this does not account in any large degree for such scenes as that we have viewed, and we shall have interest in studying this new belief far enough to understand the "unknown tongue," the raising of the dead, and the trances through which the faithful are translated close to the gates of Paradise.

#### FOUNDATION STONE.

THE twelfth chapter of the epistle of Paul to the Corinthians is the foundation stone of the society. Says the apostle:

"For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit;

"To another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues."

"But all these worketh that one and the same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

At the close of this same chapter Paul asks:

"All apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret?"

But, notwithstanding these questions, Mr. Swan and his followers believe that all the gifts of the Spirit are theirs as truly as they went out to the Christians of the latter day. So at first they were called "Gift People," and so, also, they have been called from the first—"The Church of the Living and the Dead."

That God covers special power upon them through laying on of hands and prayer.

That the statement of Christ implies for His followers his power to heal diseases and even to rise from the dead through the direct influence of God.

That He gives it to them to speak in the "unknown tongue," for he that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh unto men, but unto God; for no man understandeth; howbeit in the spirit he speaketh mysteries.

That often in baptism and frequently in their services the spirit of the Lord takes manifest possession of certain of the faithful.

That the second coming of Christ must be soon, that this is a portable year in God's plan, and that when Christ does come he will come in the fall of the year.

They baptize, these members of the Free Christian Society, by immersion, and they lay stress upon the need for a complete immersion for each of the figures of the Trinity. Wherefore many have called them "Trine Immersionists."

Also they hold that this, as a season of fulfillment, is the reason why the Old Testament prophets, Jeremiah, Hosea, and Joel, referred by their emphasis of the "latter rain." Wherefore they have been somewhat written about, also, as "The Latter Rain of the Apostolic Church."

#### THIS THE YEAR.

MANY portents pointed the sect to the year now current under the Jewish calendar. It was first marked by the Israelites as a "Jubilee Year." It was ushered in with earthquakes. Capital and labor, in Mr. Swan's judgment, have never been more hopelessly apart. Famine has stalked into one of the richest countries.

to the right hand of God. He sent the Holy Spirit on Pentecost. The only feast He has not marked with a great blessing is that of the Seven Days. And the High Priest went in and came out on the Day of Atonement. It is a Gospel Day. Sometimes it falls in September, sometimes in October. And I believe that when He does come it will be on this last great feast day of the calendar."

Preaching this from his pulpit in Providence, Mr. Swan found a great many of his hearers awaiting the fall meeting of 1909 with tremulous interest. The word went abroad to followers everywhere. From letters written months before it was evident Ashdod would be crowded.

#### People Poured Into The Camp On Day Set.

IT was. Day after day the "barges" from Hanover emptied full loads at the edge of the apple orchard. Many had attended for years and ran to their old friends with tears in their eyes.

"God has ordained it to be a great meeting," they said in greeting.

Many were utter strangers, and their tidings were not less remarkable.

"The message to come entered my heart while I was attending a camp-meeting at Old Orchard," said one, a sensible, serious, substantial young mother. "The spirit told me to go right away and I did. I didn't stop even for a grip or food. I knew that God would take care of me here. And when I got here there was plenty to eat and drink and wear. The Lord will not let me go hungry."

It was all told in great reverence.

Another waited to be introduced to her "brothers" and "sisters," crying softly a little away from the others. She was so richly dressed that some were abashed in calling her "sister." When they did speak to her, however, she smiled brightly through her tears and talked so happily of the Spirit's coming that she soon became the center of a large group. She was in the middle of a sentence when her voice choked, her hands went to her veil, and from behind her palms came brokenly:

"There is joy for us. . . . But there is a part to it, too. . . . Our children are on the outside and will not come in. We beg them. . . . but they will not come. They. . . . are staying away from us. . . . Our whole families."

#### Wonderful Stories Of Healing of the Sick.

Some brought witness of blessings which must be significant. As Eva Grant, an anaemic and fragile young girl, stepped from the dusty bus, two or three who were with her exclaimed: "Second Advent! The dead! God has raised her from the dead!"

There was great excitement, and the story was told twenty times that evening.

Mrs. Mittle Collins, of Bucksport, Me., it was who raised her, and her manner of recounting the incident inspired confidence.

"It was in the summer, down at Old Orchard," said she, "and Eva—this sister by my side—had gone out beyond her depth. They brought her to shore, and for twenty minutes a doctor worked over her. He said she was dead. There were two other doctors and they said she was dead. Well, I was a mile away, and a little girl had to run to my house, and I hurried down the road to the beach, saying over and over:

"God, you won't let her die. God, you can raise from the dead, and you will raise her."

"When I got to the beach I knelt down beside Eva here and put my fingers on her wrist, saying over and over in my heart what I had been saying coming over. She began to tremble at that—and well, she's here today."

"I was dead," said Eva slowly, when Mrs. Collins had ended. "I don't remember much except that I was asleep. Then a hand touched me—and I live."

What One Knew  
Told Different Tale.

This story ought not to be left with the reader, a quite this form, even at the risk of interrupting the thread of the whole. I was directed while in the line of the workers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

I leaf it as it stands. Vy? It is not mine longer. I, vat I haf, all, is God's. Vy vill you not believe? Gif yourself to Him, gif—"

#### Says Her Little Son Was Raised From Dead.

While I was at Ashdod I talked with an especially attractive lady. She had the air of one who is mistress over a parsonage in an old and aristocratic New England town. In the course of our chat she waved her hand slightly toward a lad that looked as though Thomas Bailey Aldrich had had him in mind.

"I love him to God," she said simply, "and God gave him back to me. He was tubercular and almost hopeless. 'Take him God,' I said. 'Take him if you need him more than I.' And God gave him back to me as you see him. He never was a stout boy. But you can see how strong and sturdy he is."

It was to such folk as this that Mrs. Eva Billings, of Waterville, Me., and Mrs. A. J. Lawson, of Lynn, brought their prophecy that the end of the world hung over this very meeting.

Both are magnetic women, and the former loved it. It was Mrs. Billings who interpreted the "unknown tongue" at the outset of this article. As then she spoke to ears eager to hear, so when she announced her vision she found her brethren of the faith ready to believe fully.

To the one in Maine and the other in Massachusetts had come a messenger from Paradise at the same time. He had awakened them by the glory of his presence. His first tidings were vague—only that something would happen before the year should end, something heavy with dread. When the messenger came again, the morning the same spirit told before them. It was to be on the tenth day of the seventh month, according to the Jewish calendar—this was the second message—the world was coming to its doom; the hearer was to prepare herself and those she loved.

All Did Not  
Accept the Vision.

Some of the Free Christian Society, without questioning the sincerity of these two women, did not accept their vision as a message. Mr. Swan, the Rev. J. C. Osgood, his associate preacher, and some of the oldest worshippers at Ashdod held to this view. The two leaders were allowed to take such positions as pleased them. But the minority among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

In their fervor the Adventists sought first to ignore the skeptics who came to them as visitors. But as the faithful tenth day of the seventh month approached—it would fall upon Friday, September 24, according to the modern calendar—and stories of this fervor among the followers who expressed doubt were ostracized. The year was too fraught with mysteries, the signs were too many, the message was too clear. So the excitement was keyed still higher and the long wait, till the curtain should lift before eternity, began.

## SCIENTIST EXPLAINS IT AS AUTO-HYPNOSIS

Says Queer Actions of Religion-Crazed Due to Honest Motives.

### STRANGE WORDS UTTERED UNKNOWN

Band Scattered When End Did  
Not Come on the  
Day Set.

to mingled hope and fear of eternity. The prophet wrote of "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains." But the Adventists did not lose heart.

They gathered in Bethel away from the world. To a reporter one of the brethren said solemnly, as he waved the newspaper man from the door:

"There is a time when the Lord says in the final days the door shall be closed. These are the final days, and ye may not enter in."

Those without stood silently in groups watching and listening. Cries occasionally sounded above the singing of the hymns:

"The judgment is come." "Christ is coming to us. Bless His name."

Two women came to a door and looked over the heads of the bystanders. Their hair was in disorder, their faces twitched, and tears coursed over their cheeks. Lifting their voices to shrieks they called:

"Depart, ye ones of evil. Depart, ye sinful ones."

At noon one near a window saw a great rolling mountain of black cloud in the western sky. Ah, that was as Joel prophesied! The doors were suddenly crowded. The lawn filled with men upholding their palms to the darkening sky, with women swaying wildly as they walked. Those who had children caught them up and kissed them. Shouts of "The King cometh!" "God is near!" came from every one. Hymns were sung joyously—"Jesus is coming again."

The black and gray in the sky passed over the sun. As the light faded the exaltation of the believers was at its height. Some ran up and down almost wildly. Some stood still and lifted streaming eyes to heaven. Some waved their arms about like flails. There were crying and laughing, praying and singing. And the twilight became so low that even the unbelievers were afraid.

The wind shifted while this little multitude waited—for the sun had faded around the compass to west of north. The heavy clouds were rolled back on themselves like stained cotton. The farther they rolled, the more gray they became. In two or three minutes—it seemed hardly more than the time of taking a breath—the tumbling black had faded into the dull color of late September, and the sky that had promised to open the way to Paradise had closed in an impenetrable wall of gray. The day had come—and passed. And the end was not yet.

THE BAND SCATTERS.

IN a week the little band had scattered. Where there had been 300 there were now but thirty. The little remained to rest and pray and make ready for Him when He should come. And you and I, afar off or standing in one of the little groups in the Massachusetts clearing, we turned away to the money changers with a new joke to smile over and a new sense of security in that awe-heavy warning:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away."

"But of that day and that hour knoweth no man; not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."